Thou cam'ſt into the world *Stabs him*
Glo. Die prophet in thy ſpeech, ile heare no more,
For this amongſt the reſt was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *He dyes.*
Glo. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
Now may ſuch purple teares alwayes be ſhed,
For ſuch as ſeeke the downfall of our houſe. *Stab him agen.*
Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither:
I, that haue neither pitty, loue, nor feare.
Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legges forward.
And had I not reaſon thinke you to make haſt,
And ſeeke their ruines that vſurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth:
And ſo I was indeede. Which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle and bite, and play the Dogge.
Then, ſince heauen hath made my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my minde to anſwer it.
I had no Father, I am like no Father;
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *Loue*, which gray-beards terme Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Propheſies,
Vnder pretence of outward ſeeming ill,
As Edward ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his ſonne are gone,
And *Clarence* thou art next muſt follow them,
So by one and one diſpatching all the reſt,

Coun-

Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile drag thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurſe with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and others.

Edw. Once more we ſit in Englands throne,
Repurchaſt with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, three-fold renownd
For hardy and vndoubted Champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere ſpurd their Courſers at the trumpets ſound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mortague*,
That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we ſwept ſuſpition from our ſeat,
And made our footſtoole of ſecurity.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my ſelfe,
Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,
Marcht all afoot, in ſummers ſcalding heate,
That thou mightſt repoſſeſſe the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blaſt his harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordaind ſo thicke to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and thou ſhalt execute.
Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloſter,
Pray loue my louely Queene,
And kiſſe your Princely Nephew, both.
Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I ſeale vpon the roſiate lips of this ſweete Babe.

Queene.